

# WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?

TWO DOLLARS will be paid for each item printed on this page. Checks are mailed daily. The weekly special awards, announced on Saturdays, are in addition to this payment. Open to all readers.

THE EVENING WORLD pays liberally in cash for FIRST news of really important happenings—FIRST news of BIG news. Call Beckman 4000. Ask for the CITY EDITOR of the Evening World. Every reader a reporter.

## MANHATTAN. FIGURES NEVER LIE.

AT NINTH AVENUE AND 42D STREET, just above "Paddy's Market," I saw a bareheaded woman who carried a shopping bag crammed full of groceries. She was circling about a letter box, inspecting it carefully. Presently she stopped, set down her bag, pulled out the stub of a pencil from somewhere in her skirts and started setting down a column of figures on the green paint of the letter box. Carefully she added them up. She seemed dissatisfied with the total, so she took out every package from the bag and as she returned each she marked a figure on the letter box. The result was compared with the first total. Then, with much muttering and a fery gleam in her eyes, she trekked back down the street, apparently prepared to give battle. If any pushcart man is reported seriously beaten up I could identify the probable assailant, but I wouldn't. I, too, have been overcharged, and I had no letter box to verify it.—Amy Crossley, No. 322½ West 42d Street.



## CIVIC VIRTUE.

ON BOSTON ROAD, corner of Charlotte Street, I saw seven boys, each equipped with a big push shovel such as street cleaners use in clearing snow from city streets. They were industriously pushing snow from the yard of the public school. For a time I could not account for this youthful ambition and display of energy at an apparently self-appointed task. And then I was enlightened. Suddenly one of the boys yelled to a pal who stood outside the wire enclosed yard, "Hey, Tony, give us a hand, will ya? We wanna play basketball."—Bill Seidel, No. 303 East 164th Street.



## A LITTLE OLD LADY IN CHRISTOPHER STREET.

NOTICED an elderly lady who appeared to be in trouble yesterday while I was cleaning off the sidewalk in front of St. Veronica's Church on Christopher Street. She came up to me holding her skirt in one hand and a safety pin in the other. "God bless you, my boy," said she, "would you mind pinning up my skirt? My fingers are all thumbs." Her hands were so cold and numb that she was unable to help herself. She had no gloves. After some instructions from her I finished the job to her satisfaction, nor did I mind the curious glances cast by some people as they passed, for the old lady showered me with blessings as she left. She told me she had to go up to 125th Street.—James Doherty, No. 23 Grove Street.

## BROOKLYN.

### THREE WORDS.

A large box came by parcel post to my sister while I was calling at her home, a few doors from my own, to-day, and assuming it was a Christmas present we opened it. In the box was a beautiful wreath made from flowers that grow in California. It had been sent by a relative, and we were admiring the beautiful and unusual Christmas wreath when our eyes fell on a card attached, which read, "For Nell's grave." All the joy left us, and the Christmas cheer died at sight of those few words. Nell was my sister's daughter, not long deceased.—Elizabeth Rice, No. 936 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn.

### NO MORE ROLLING-PINS.

To-day in a drug store window on Manhattan Avenue, Greenpoint, I saw a sign reading, "Useful Gifts for Her," and among them I saw a safety razor.—Tivie Rich, No. 550 Leonard Street, Brooklyn.

### FOLLIES OF YOUTH.

I was awakened after midnight this morning by a hoarse, noisy noise. Looking through the window, I saw on the street about twelve boys, none of them more than twelve years of age, and all more than intoxicated. They were in a Ford car, and they became so violent they smashed the radiator and tore the top to shreds. Then they sped away, jumping on and off the car and probably worrying the driver sick for fear they would get hurt.—Mrs. W. J. McNulty, No. 166 Leonard Street, Brooklyn.

### THROWING COLD WATER ON THE GAME.

When it comes to brilliant ideas, students of Textile High School are in the forefront. I was watching an interesting game of handball in the rear yard Thursday noon when a barrage of water-filled paper bags began falling on all sides of me. Many boys were struck by the bags and well splashed. I was told that the mysterious "bombing squad" had been in action.—Hyman Saul, No. 459 15th Avenue, Brooklyn.

## A PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS REPORTED FOR READERS OF THE EVENING WORLD BY READERS OF THE EVENING WORLD

### New Program of Awards and Special Prizes

**\$100** FOR THE BEST STORY OF THE WEEK; \$50 for the Second in Merit; \$25 for the Third. TEN stories adjudged Next in Merit, \$5 each. This competition is open to all readers.

### Special Awards for High School Students

**\$100** will be divided weekly among high school pupils contributing to the "What Did You See To-Day?" page. For the best letter sent in by a high school student, \$50; second best, \$25; five next in merit, \$5 each.

### Special Awards for University and College Students

**\$100** will be divided weekly among university and college students contributing to the page. For the best letter of the week, \$50; second best letter, \$25; five letters next in merit, \$5 each.

School and college contributors MUST name their schools. Wait for the worth-while incident. Do not try to write every day. Bear in mind the question: "WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?" Not what somebody else saw, not what you heard, not something that happened last summer. What did YOU see TO-DAY?

Contributors to the page should write of subjects with which they are familiar. Choose, preferably, things that happen in your own neighborhood. Tell your story, if possible, in not more than 125 words. State WHERE the incident took place. Write your name in full. Write your address carefully. Address your letter to "What Did You See To-Day?" Evening World, P. O. Box No. 185, City Hall Station, New York.

## BRONX.

### GOOD FOR YOU! THE CHECK GOES BACK.

Enclosed please find check for two (2) dollars which The Evening World sent me for a recent contribution but which I now feel I cannot accept because I find I have made a serious error. The flagpole spoken of in the "Columbia" which successfully defeated America's cup against the Shamrock II.—Harold Cloland, No. 2091 Anthony Avenue, Bronx.

### CIGAR BOX.

I saw to-day at No. 990 Prospect Avenue a store which I believe to be the smallest in Bronx Borough. Its show window is but ten inches wide, its door is two and one-half feet wide. Altogether, the shop is about four feet wide, and is occupied by a cigar dealer who has on display in his ten-inch window four boxes of cigars, although his stock inside is complete.—John H. Quinlan, No. 1041 Tinton Avenue, Bronx.

### RICHER AND RICHER.

Dr. Coue's famous formula, "Every day in every way I'm growing better and better," caught my fancy to such an extent this morning that on my way to work I repeated it twenty times per instructions. Then suddenly I did feel better, for there on the sidewalk lay a greenback. It was a \$2 bill.—Harry Mendonville, No. 751 East 189th Street, Bronx.

### CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM GRANDMA.

When I got home from school to-day I found an odd-looking package which had just come for me by parcel post as a Christmas gift from my grandmother, who lives in the Catskills. It was a Christmas tree cut from her own land. The mail carrier said it was the only one delivered on his route.—Adelaide Miller, No. 781 East 179th Street, Bronx.

## QUEENS.

### AT CHRISTMAS OR THEREABOUTS.

I was installing some lights to-day in the Tremont Post Office when, every once in a while, I saw the stamp clerk thrust his head through the window of his cage and look at the heavy influx of Christmas mailers. "All you people with parcels must go to church to-day!" Various were the expressions with the people receiving this unkind, but the clerk evidently enjoyed the little joke, for he took his time before pointing to a posted notice reading, "Parcel post packages handled by clerks in church across the street."—Joseph C. Flood, No. 181 Cypress Avenue, Flushing, Queens.

### PREMIUM.

Some real estate dealers offer great inducements to purchasers. I saw a signboard in Springfield, L. I., on which was painted, "Lots for sale; life insurance policy with every lot."—Mrs. H. Golden, No. 197 Beach 45th Street, Edgemere, Queens.

## HIMSELF.

On Jackson Avenue, near 48th Street, Corona, I saw seven little tots pattering and talking excitedly. "It was SO Santa Claus, 'cause I saw him," said one little shaver. "You just wait till he comes out." All eyes were turned toward an apartment house door, expectancy written on every little face. Then the door opened, and sure enough, out came Santa himself, dressed up in a wonderful red suit and fur-trimmed hat and wearing big gloves. He hurried to an automobile (one couldn't blame him for hurrying in his busy season) and sped away. It was easy to fancy the thrill in the heart of each of those little children. The auto had a sign bearing the name and address of a local toy store—but that did not trouble the worshipping little ones.—Mrs. Minnie Warren, No. 65 47th Street, Corona, Queens.

## Special Awards for the Week

### General Division.

#### First Award—\$100.

MRS. W. SEELICHE, No. 648 East 221st Street, Bronx.

#### Second Award—\$50.

MISS C. V. LACK, No. 481 Benedict Avenue, Woodhaven, Queens.

#### Third Award—\$25.

MEYER BERMAN, No. 536 West 163d Street.

#### Ten Awards of \$5 Each.

JAMES E. VAN BRAMER, No. 2123 Van Courtlandt Avenue.  
MINA SJORGREN, No. 24-44 Ditmars Avenue, Elmhurst.  
PATROLMAN HENRY KLUDT, No. 12828 147th St., So. Ozone Park.  
THOMAS W. GRAHAM, No. 663 94th Street, Woodhaven.  
G. MONTGOMERY, No. 574 Locust Avenue, Port Chester.  
JOSEPHINE MYERS, No. 445 West 46th Street.  
MARGARET WALTHALL, New Brighton, Staten Island.  
JAMES P. LYNCH, No. 564 Emerson Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.  
A. T. LOCKE, No. 451 West 21st Street.  
HAROLD LARSEN, No. 191 East Avenue, Long Island City.

See Page Three for stories which received the largest awards. New contest week, begins to-day. Haven't you seen something interesting? Write to The Evening World about it. "Every reader a reporter."

### University and College Division.

#### First Award—\$50.

EDWARD P. GALLAGHER, New York University.

#### Second Award—\$25.

ISADORE GOLDENBAUM, State Institute of Agriculture, Farmingdale, L. I.

#### Five Awards of \$5 Each.

ELSIE L. FISHER, School of Journalism, New York University.  
E. J. DINTRUFF, Teachers' College.  
ARTHUR S. WARSHAK, New York University.  
IRVING R. JACOBSON, College of the City of New York.  
LUCILLE GREY PEDERSON, School of Journalism, New York University.

#### High School Division.

##### First Award—\$50.

JOHN CARR, Curtis High School, New Brighton, S. I.

##### Second Award—\$25.

MARION ROTH, Evander Childs High School.

##### Five Awards of \$5 Each.

CAROLINE M. DEAN, Wadleigh High School.  
CHARLES WEISELHACH, Townsend-Harris High School.  
ROBERT M. JOFFE, Boys' High School, Brooklyn.  
JOSEPH FREEDMAN JR., Junior High, Brooklyn.  
BILL DRUYN, Yonkers High School.

## OUT OF TOWN.

### G-13.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS I have been attending the Saturday night vaudeville shows at the Palace Theatre here, and I always try to get a seat in row H, near the centre, which places me back of G-13, a seat that has been vacant for the past year. This affords me a better view of the stage. Frequently the house is sold out, but G-13 is never occupied. Inquiry at the box office elicited the information that it was sold in advance every week. This was puzzling. Last Saturday night the mystery was explained. Mr. F., who always occupies G-11, came in and placed his overcoat in G-13. Shortly thereafter Mr. B. and his wife entered, and occupied seats G-15 and 17. Mr. B. also placed his coat in G-13, and I heard him remark to Mr. F.—"Whoever pays for this seat every week must have money. He certainly is kind to us. I wonder who he is." "He might not be very far away," replied Mr. F., and after the show I accused the latter of being the person who always bought but never used the vacant seat. He admitted it, explaining that it was convenient to have as a coatrack and, in the event of a tall or fat person obstructing his view from the other seat, he could move if he wished without trouble or confusion.—Wm. R. Still, No. 119 Maple Avenue, Patchogue, Long Island.



## HOW WE DUG THE CELLAR.

THE MEMBERS of our church had long planned the building of a Parish Hall, for we had no place in which to hold meetings for social events, but the lack of money always delayed the project. However, we at last started to build, and in order to save on the labor of digging the excavations the men of the parish volunteered for that work. But the women wanted to do their share also, and much to the surprise of the men the women gang of laborers appeared in overalls, some with picks and shovels, and began work. There were many blistered hands and aching backs, but it meant a saving of \$250 to the church.—Theresa M. King, Toms River, N. J.

## RICHMOND.

### WORLD-FAMOUS GENTLEMAN PULLS AWFUL BONE.

I SAW A DELIVERY TRUCK to-day deliver a bicycle to my neighbor. It was bought for "Buddy," and Santa Claus promised to bring it to him on Christmas Day, but somehow "Buddy" happened to see the truck. His mother could not keep the bicycle away from him. She declared this was all he was going to get for Christmas and that his Christmas, and the family's, was just spoiled by the way he was acting, but "Buddy" is now riding up and down Greeley Avenue with his new bicycle.—Edith Reitz, No. 23 Greeley Avenue, Grant City, S. I.



## COASTING.

To-day when the ground was partly covered with snow, my mother sent me out to look for my smaller sister. I was hardly out of doors when I heard a sharp yell: "Hey, Francis!" and looking around I saw my sister with her sled tied behind a neighbor's bicycle coming down Hamilton Street. And behind her, drawn by the same bicycle, were several other sleds.—Francis Connor, No. 37 Hamilton Street, Stapleton, S. I.

## SHE AIMED AT A HOUSE ACROSS THE WAY.

During the snow today I saw a young lady form a snowball and let it fly at an elderly man who was passing my house. She could not have aimed better. The snowball took him right in the ear. Expecting to see a fiery, furious face turned upon her, I looked eagerly; but the old man turned with a broad grin on his face which expressed silent approval and admiration of the young lady's marksmanship.—Anna Blue, No. 437 Westervelt Avenue, Tompkinsville, S. I.

## THE NEW PLAYS

That Villain Lowell Sherman Pursues "The Masked Woman."

By CHARLES DARNTON.

MEMORIES of Richard Mansfield as the Baron Cheriell may have prompted Lowell Sherman to desert "The Fool" for "The Masked Woman," a very, very wicked play taken from the French by Kate Jordan and produced for all it was worth by A. H. Woods last night at the Miltins Theatre.

Mr. Sherman had a beautiful time in the best part that has come his way since he first took to stage villainy for a living. He was the Baron Talente, with whiskers, eye-glasses, gorgeous dressing-gowns and all the other trimmings. At first sight he seemed to be the friend of his doctor's wife, but his way with women was as bad as his liver. Accordingly he pursued the good woman until she came to his home to prevent him from committing suicide on his fiftieth birthday. But he couldn't even be trusted to kill himself. As you may suspect, he had no such intention.

But the Baron did have a lively party. It was his charming idea to invite all the women to whom he had been "kind," and apparently no one sent regrets. They looked like a convention. But his guest of guests was the doctor's lady, who came in a mask and let herself in for a very bad time. It might have been worse if he hadn't been taken with a bad spell in the struggle. This put him down and almost out on the floor and gave her a chance to get away by helping herself to his key. Knowing he had only three months to live he

cheered her on her way by vowing he would reach out from his grave and revenge himself. This revenge was realized when he died in the next act leaving her all his wealth. The innocent woman was accordingly obliged to square accounts with her husband in another emotional scene, but interest in the play died with the Baron.

Mr. Sherman was very good as the very bad man, and Helen Mackellar bore up bravely as the wife. John Holliday played the doctor excellently. June Houston spread scandal freely, and Ethel Jackson played the piano so that the Baron might die to music. "The Masked Woman" has sensational interest duly heightened by Mr. Sherman's adroit and picturesque villainy.

### BANDITS GET CANDY BOUND HERE.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 23.—Two bandits bound and gagged the driver of a motor truck containing \$10,000 worth of Christmas candy being taken to New York for sale yesterday, threw him off and left in the direction of Philadelphia. The hold-up was on the Lincoln Highway, near Hylbert. The driver, Edward Bruch, freed himself.

## The Stage

By BIDE DUDLEY

### ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE BY THE

Charles Frohman Company that William Gillette will be seen in the near future in a revival of "Sherlock Holmes" and that the play is in rehearsal. Later a revival of "Dear Brutus" will be prepared and, with these two plays as his repertoire, Gillette will begin a preliminary tour in Philadelphia on Jan. 8. Several players who were with Mr. Gillette in these plays in seasons gone by will be with him again. Norah Swinburne has been brought from England to play the two leading feminine roles. Others in the casts will be E. J. Radcliffe, Edward Fielding, Leslie Stowe, T. A. Braddon and Nettie Tillyard.

### CELEBRATION POSTPONED.

The celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the Casino has been postponed from Dec. 23 to Jan. 9. This step was taken in order to make it possible for a number of former Casino players to be present.

### TYLER AND THAT DOG.

George Tyler bought a dog the other day. It was a blooded pup and the theatrical man wanted to have it registered—so it could vote, we presume. He had all the necessary papers made out and then the necessity for a name came up. Being the producer of "Mr. and Mrs. Merton," Mr. Tyler decided to call the dog Merton. He put the name in the papers and sent them to the dog registry. Yesterday a letter came to him.

"You'll have to pick out another name," it said. "You're only the twelfth owner who wants to call his dog Merton."

can't think of any other name but Rover, and every Rover he has ever acquainted with had fleas. If you can think of a man for that dog, write or wire George Tyler, New Amsterdam Theatre, New York.

### RUSSIAN TROUPE STARTS.

The vanguard of the Moscow Art Theatre, which begins its New York engagement at the Johnson Theatre on Jan. 8, sails to-day from Cherbourg on the Berengaria, according to a cable message received by Morris Gest. The party includes representatives of the artistic and administrative staffs. We have their names, but why print them? You wouldn't be able to pronounce them, anyway.

### JULIET IN A BARN.

Bertha Broad, who has played Juliet to Walter Hampden's Romeo, is planning to make a production of Shakespeare's love story in a barn. No scenery will be used. Instead, she will have signs reading, "A street in Verona," &c. The horses will be requested to stay all night with friends.

### A SODA CRITIC.

John Golden recently invited amateur dramatic critics to try a hand at "constructive criticism" of "Spite Corner," in which Madge Kennedy is starring at the Little Theatre. One that came in follows:

"Spite Corner" is a humming soda fountain at which Beanie is the most effervescent and sparkling drink and all the alluring minor characters are sodas and sundries of distinctive flavor. Beanie is a true too mid-in-midnighty soda. Miss Collidge has a medicinal tang—ginger and lemon mixture. The clerk mixed them badly, but their foundations are excellent. Gooch is a peach melba; his syrup of human kindness never fermented. Nathan is the only near-beer, flat and unprofitable. As for John Lattimer, well, John is a nut in the beginning but a nut sundae at the end." On reading it John called it a day.

and went out for a couple of ice-cream sodas.

### SANTA AT THE FRIARS.

The Friars will have a Santa Claus at the Monastery on Wednesday evening, Dec. 27. Leo Frank will impersonate Santa and all Friars who wear socks will be requested to hang them up.

John Golden recently invited amateur dramatic critics to try a hand at "constructive criticism" of "Spite Corner," in which Madge Kennedy is starring at the Little Theatre. One that came in follows:

"Spite Corner" is a humming soda fountain at which Beanie is the most effervescent and sparkling drink and all the alluring minor characters are sodas and sundries of distinctive flavor. Beanie is a true too mid-in-midnighty soda. Miss Collidge has a medicinal tang—ginger and lemon mixture. The clerk mixed them badly, but their foundations are excellent. Gooch is a peach melba; his syrup of human kindness never fermented. Nathan is the only near-beer, flat and unprofitable. As for John Lattimer, well, John is a nut in the beginning but a nut sundae at the end." On reading it John called it a day.

**pay Next Year for Your XMAS Gifts**

1 week

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.  
35 Maiden Lane - 6th Floor

Come in and look through the largest jewelry stock in New York. Let us tell you about our dignified credit system. A small deposit makes anything selected yours AT ONCE—take a full year to pay the balance in weekly or monthly payments. ALL DEALINGS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL. A guarantee bond given with every diamond purchase.

SOLITAIRE FROM \$25.00 TO \$1000.00

FREE

The finest and most complete jewelry selection ever presented, including watches, jewelry, diamonds, pearls, and more. GIVE THAT LAST—ask for book 30.

and went out for a couple of ice-cream sodas.

### SANTA AT THE FRIARS.

The Friars will have a Santa Claus at the Monastery on Wednesday evening, Dec. 27. Leo Frank will impersonate Santa and all Friars who wear socks will be requested to hang them up.

John Golden recently invited amateur dramatic critics to try a hand at "constructive criticism" of "Spite Corner," in which Madge Kennedy is starring at the Little Theatre. One that came in follows:

"Spite Corner" is a humming soda fountain at which Beanie is the most effervescent and sparkling drink and all the alluring minor characters are sodas and sundries of distinctive flavor. Beanie is a true too mid-in-midnighty soda. Miss Collidge has a medicinal tang—ginger and lemon mixture. The clerk mixed them badly, but their foundations are excellent. Gooch is a peach melba; his syrup of human kindness never fermented. Nathan is the only near-beer, flat and unprofitable. As for John Lattimer, well, John is a nut in the beginning but a nut sundae at the end." On reading it John called it a day.

**The Electric Percolator**

A practical gift that is sure to please. Good coffee isn't a matter of special skill or of luck with an Electric Percolator. It is the rule, without exception. The continual automatic percolation of the water until the coffee has reached the strength at which it is wanted, ensures a uniformly fine flavor.

Price—\$17.50

**The United Electric Shops**  
OF THE UNITED ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER COMPANY  
130 East 15th Street  
89th Street & Broadway 146th Street & Broadway